A

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

NARRATIVE

OF

A PASSAGE

FROM

THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON

ACROSS THE

Atlantic Ocean,

WITH OTHER

INTERESTING OCCURRENCES,

IN A

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY JOHN LUCE.

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1812.

TO

MR. PHILIP BRIARD.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

THE attachment to my person, and the courage you evinced in a moment of great peril, have ever since made me regard this day as one wherein I owe you something more than simple acknowledgments of your worth. The words you pronounced are still, as they ever shall be, fresh in my memory; but all I have been as yet able to do has been no more than to express my feeble wishes for your welfare.

Sometime after our return from Ireland, I wrote, at the request of a friend, a detail of the hardships you and I endured on board the schooner Susan. I have been advised to

publish what I have written in the form of a Narrative; and, as you partook of those hardships in so eminent a degree, I request you will accept of what is here written thereon, from him who is, with much esteem,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN LUCE.

London, Dec. 18, 1811.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AFTER so long a period has elapsed since the transaction took place, of which the following is a Narrative, it may be necessary for me to notice the motives that induce me now to publish it. The affair had always appeared to me of so merely personal a nature as not to be worthy of public attention; therefore, the manuscript copy of what I had written on the subject, had remained by me quite unnoticed; and it was seldom, if at any time, I alluded to the circumstance itself. However, recently I happened to be in company with some professional friends before whom I referred to some occurrences that took place, whilst in a situation perilous

in the extreme; and they suggested to me, that the publication of such an event might possibly be the means of doing some good, by pointing out expediencies, preventing despondency, and stimulating persons to exertion under similar circumstances of distress. If it can in the least be conducive to such objects, or the reader finds the Narrative in any degree interesting, my aim is attained, and I shall feel myself highly gratified.

A

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

MY DEAR K——,

HAVING now a moment of leisure before me, and the request you made the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, coming to my recollection, I sit down to attempt to write something of a detail of the principal occurrences which took place in consequence of that unfortunate event of which you have at times made me relate a few detached particulars.

The accident I have to relate was, however, in one instance, fortunate to me, since it was the cause of our first acquaintance; and, I think I may with great truth say, laid the foundation of a mutual friendship.

I will first relate (but that very briefly) a few incidents which have happened to me, and which, in some manner, led to that accident; and of which, I believe, I have never mentioned any part to you. I say led to that accident: for, if I had not been taken and carried to a French prison, it is probable I should not have had occasion to cross and re-cross the Atlantic Ocean so often as I have done.

I will, therefore, begin from the year 1793, when I made my first attempt to cross from the Island of Jersey to Cape Breton, an island at the entrance of the Gulph of Saint Laurence. Five days after our departure from Jersey, we were captured by a French privateer of 14 guns, and carried into L'Orient; from whence, with a party of about fifty fellow-prisoners, I marched to Dinan, where I remained until the month of September following, when I was exchanged. Young, and without thought of the morrow, I was highly gratified with this my first visit to France. I found friends, and I do not recollect one act of oppression or bad treatment that I experienced in that my first assay of French prisons.

In 1794, I made a second attempt to cross the sea, but was so very unfortunate as to fall a second time into the hands of the French—I ought not to

say the French, for they were no more so; their character, yea their very nature, was changed—they were become monsters in the form of men, sent upon earth for some purpose not given to us to fathom, but good and wise in its consequences no doubt. This does not, I must in justice say, embrace the officers and crew of the frigate on board of which I was put, previous to being sent to French prison: for I never did, at any other time of my life, or in any other place, experience better treatment than what I did there. But to proceed: we left Jersey in the beginning of May, in company of 20 sail of vessels, under the protection of H. M. S. Castor, Capt. Thomas Trowbridge. The Castor, with nearly the whole convoy, was taken by a French squadron of seven sail of the line and four frigates; of which, the Sans-Pareil of 84 guns was the flag-ship. With some difficulty I obtained permission to remain on board the prize, which favour was granted me on the score of being a passenger. We parted with the French ships the same evening; and three days after, in our way towards France, we fell in with the squadron under the command of Admiral Montague, consequently were retaken and dispatched for England; but, as it pleased Providence to order, two days after this we were met by the French grand fleet, consisting of 24 ships of the line and a number of frigates, and I found myself once more a prisoner. No en-

treaties of mine could avail this time to obtain permission to remain in the prize. I was sent on board La Seine of 44 guns, the frigate I have just alluded to. I remained on board above a month, and was witness to a part of the memorable battle of the first of June. A French 74, the Montagnard, made signs of distress; we towed her out of the line; the following day was very foggy, and we drifted and lost sight of the two fleets. Three days after this, we fell in with the convoy from America, composed of above two hundred sail, for the protection of which the French fleet had put to sea. We kept company with this convoy, and entered Brest Roads together, two days after their disabled grand fleet had reached that port.

It is not for me, at this moment, to enter into the particulars of my confinement. Suffice it to say, that it was in the worst of times, under the cruel Robespierre, in whose reign I witnessed all the horrors of Pontanerene and Quimper prisons. The scenes of misery I saw, and what I individually suffered, are still fresh in my memory. The following is part only of the dreadful catalogue:—hunger and thirst—maladies the most painful—sights, constantly in view, the most loathsome——the ears disturbed, without ceasing, from the dying and the delirious, by cries of pain and rage the most piercing!

In Quimper, in less than three months after my arrival there, above fifteen hundred of my fellow-prisoners died: some were shot by the French soldiers, others threw themselves on the pavements from the upper part of the building, and so terminated their miseries.

I remained in France from June 1794 to Sept. 1795, when I was exchanged.

In the spring of 1796, I made a third trial to get to Cape Breton, and at last succeeded; and, in 1799, the direction of the affairs of the Company fell to my lot.

In the fall of 1798, a small vessel was bought for the employ, by Mr. P. L. Robin: he was the agent, and transacted our affairs in Jersey. The vessel he thus purchased was a prize; she had been laid up a considerable time, as not thought fit to send to sea, nor worth repairing; she was therefore sold for fire-wood: however, old things were always good with Mr. Robin. In the winter of 98 and 99, he set about repairing and fitting her out; but he did it so sparingly, I might say, with great truth, shamefully, that it was the greatest miracle she did not founder under us in the passage to Cape Breton. The crew murmured much; her appearance was, in fact, enough

to discourage any one; her decks were so decayed, that many of the planks near the edges were not half an inch thick. To speak to Mr. Robin on the subject was a sure way to incur his high displeasure. As to me, I was young and thoughtless; so that I could not appreciate the risk, although I heard many who saw her make strong remarks on the imprudence to attempt a passage in the state she was in. I did not dare, more than any other, to speak to Mr. Robin on the subject; nevertheless, I went so far one day as to induce him to step on board. When upon deck, he remarked that she was much larger than the schooner Susan (a small vessel of only 30 tons, in which I had returned from Cape Breton in the fall of 98); and, when we came into the cabin, he noticed that I could stand upright under the sky-light!

The vexations I experienced during the equipment of this vessel were many and great, and seemed to forbode the continued chain of disappointments and misfortunes that followed me, step by step, during the whole of that year.

After the vessel was complete, in the way Mr. Robin would have her, we sailed in the latter end of April. The day after our departure the wind came against us; however, it being moderate, we kept the sea until the eighth day, when we expe-

rienced a strong breeze of wind from the westward. The water-ways of the vessel opening as she rolled at least half an inch on both sides, and she making much water, we put into the Scilly Islands to refit, and wait for a fair wind. On the fourth day, the wind coming round to the eastward, we made sail; but the next day it became again westerly. I will briefly say, we had a most unpleasant passage of 52 days; the latter part of which the pumps were kept almost continually at work. After infinite trouble and anxiety, we most fortunately reached Arichat, our port of destination, where the vessel underwent a thorough repair during the summer. All who saw her, whilst stripping, could not but express their astonishment at our having reached Cape Breton in safety.

The small vessel I had returned in to Jersey, in the fall of 1798, had been sent to Ireland for provisions eight or ten days before we left Jersey; and I had the pleasure to see her arrive at Arichat the same day we did.

Arichat is not the place where the business of the employ is carried on, it only serves as a shelter for the shipping. Chetecan, lying on the N. W. coast of Cape Breton, has no place of safety for large vessels, and yet most of the business is carried on there. The cargoes of the large vessels

are, therefore, put into fishing-boats and schooners at Arichat, and sent round, as wanted, to Chetecan. The schooner Susan (the small vessel that had been to Ireland for provisions) was usually employed in that business, and kept going the whole summer to bring the supplies from Arichat to Chetecan, and return with the produce of that place to Arichat, where it was shipped for Europe.

In that business, one single day lost in the spring, is, at times, of the utmost consequence; and, owing to our long passage, the season was so far advanced that the greatest exertions were necessary, so as (if possible) to retrieve or compensate for some of the time lost.

The day after we arrived, the provisions were unloaded from the schooner Susan; and, in the course of the following day, she was reloaded with different supplies for Chetecan. An open fishing-boat, of about 14 tons, was prepared for the same purpose, and both sailed in the afternoon of that day.

I embarked in the schooner to go round to Chetecan, so as to set the business agoing. It was my intention to return to Arichat in eight or ten days. At night, the wind failing, and the tide setting

against us, we cast anchor at the entrance of the Gut of Canso, the open boat making fast along side of us. Early the next morning the tide changed in our favour; by the time we got the anchor up, the open boat was near half a mile a-head; when she came opposite an inlet in the gut, called Ship Harbour, we observed a boat boarding her, and shortly after we saw a sloop of war lying there. It was easy to judge, the boat came from her, and we prepared ourselves to receive them also. Being conscious of having infringed no law, I then courted, as I had repeatedly before done, examination from his Majesty's ships.

The wind being very light, and at the same time contrary, our progress was slow. We observed the boat leaving our consort, which went and anchored close to the sloop of war, a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. Shortly after this the boat came to us; the officer said, the skipper of the fishing-boat he had just stopt referred him to us for his custom-house papers; and he desired to see them, and also our own. I replied, these vessels were crafts employed solely in the fishery along the coast of Cape Breton, and that the officers of the customs had never required that papers should be taken out for such boats.

It was needless to argue the matter with the offi-

cer; we were taken alongside of the Termagant, on board of which I was soon sent, and made my appearance before Capt. Richard Allen, who demanded of me the reason why no papers were to be found on board the two vessels. My answer was nearly the same as that I had previously given to the other officer; and I added, that the business I then conducted had been established since the year 1765, and that such a thing had never been required to be taken out by the officers residing in Cape Breton, nor ever before demanded by any of his Majesty's ships visiting those parts—that Cape Breton being still in its infant state, the island had only two ports where officers resided—that Chetecan, to which the two vessels were bound, had none—that when we left Arichat there was no officers nearer than 70 or 80 miles—that we were still, as it were, in the mouth of the harbour—that we had not had occasion to sail in the open sea since we left the place, it being all an interior navigation.

This and many other things I represented to the captain; to which he only replied, that vessels had no right to sail from or go to ports where no custom-house was established. Many questions were put to me, by which I discovered a settled resolution to make a seizure of the two crafts.

What I felt at the discovery, and the wound it gave me, cannot easily be described.

The people I had in the two boats, above thirty in number, were sent for. The masters and a number of the men underwent strict examination. We had all one and the same simple story to tell; but it was all matter of form, it could avail nothing, there being a determination to send the vessels to Halifax.

My trunks, with all the people's luggage, were brought on board the Termagant; the linen, with every thing else, thrown on the quarter-deck, and examined piece by piece.

I begged of the captain to send the two vessels to Arichat, and represented to him the nature of the business I was embarked in. I offered to give bond for the amount of the two crafts on a just valuation—to remain myself on board the ship as an hostage, and thereby be security for the bond in case they were condemned by the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Halifax. I represented the ruin that would follow the measure of sending the vessels there; but nothing would or could do. All I could obtain was, to take the master of the schooner with me, and go to Halifax in her.

Three of the men were pressed and kept on board the Termagant; and the rest, including my brother and the master of the brig Friendship, with the skipper of the fishing-boat, were thrown on shore, and all their heavy luggage, late in the evening, and at a great distance from any dwelling; the greater part of them had to remain the whole night in the open air.

Thus then, at my first outset, I saw the business ruined for that year at one blow. Reflections on the subject would be most unpleasant: I must abstain from them, but I could not avoid saying thus much, to show you how vexation was linked to vexation in all I did undertake that year; and also because this affair was, in a great measure, the occasion of my returning to Europe the ensuing autumn, when I experienced the severe trial I am about to notice. However, previous to my entering on that matter, I must beg leave to add, that, after infinite trouble and vexation, having attended the Court of Vice-Admiralty twice, both vessels were there condemned.

Without any application whatever on my part, I received certificates from the Collector of the Customs, the Comptroller, Naval Officer, and from a number of other principal persons in Cape Bre-

ton, certifying my two vessels to have been dispatched from Arichat, on a fishing voyage along the coast of the island, according to the accustomed way in that government for such craft. Little or no attention was paid to these documents, unless it was that they made the Attorney-General, Mr. Uniack, attack the vessels on another ground than that of wanting regular clearances from the customs. He argued, that a schooner could not properly be called a square rigged vessel; therefore my two vessels were not entitled to take the benefit of the section of the Navigation Act, allowing ships to go, in time of war, without name in their stern, or change them. It was held out, on my side, that one of the vessels in question was only an open fishing-boat; and the other, although a schooner, carried always a top-sail forward, and occasionally a square foresail. But in this instance, any more than at the seizure by Captain Allen, would any argument avail.

Thus far since the beginning of the year, I had met with many heavy disappointments; and to crown the whole of that (I dare not yet call it unfortunate) 1799, I had to encounter before it ended another most severe trial, the relation of which I have thought proper to precede by what I have

written above; in fact, the whole appears to me to be so linked together that I could not well separate them.

Had I the abilities to enlarge upon the subject, or could you expect from me any thing more than simple matters of fact, and did I want a stimulus to give energy to my imagination, I have it before me, since I write this in the very vessel in which the occurrences took place;—yes, that spot on which my feet are at this very moment, is the very place where I have for six long weeks, turn and turn with my worthy companion and friend, laid my weary head. How many times have I cast my eyes on that spot when it was that good man's turn to occupy it! there I have often beheld him fast asleep, doubtless with a clear conscience, undismayed by the dangers that surrounded him—the place where we alternately sat, the tiller ropes in our hands—the very identical spot where stood our compass—that which our tumbler serving as a lamp occupied, are all before me, and not one yard distant is the very plank where we found the dead body of one of our companions, his hands joined, and across his breast, in a position and with an appearance still fresh in my memory! When down in this cabin, and looking round me, a thousand little occurrences, trifling indeed in themselves, are painted to my imagination; but notwithstanding

they are little and trifling, they do not fail to give full scope to reflection. When I am upon deck, things of a different kind present themselves to me; what was going on just previous to the accident; the sea that preceded the one by which the vessel was thrown on her beam-ends; that tremendous sea itself; the position of the vessel whilst filling, and when full; ours on her side; our cutting the lanyards of the main shrowds, and, in consequence thereof, the breaking of the masts and the immediate righting of our small bark; our fellow-sufferers, starting up through the companion and sky-light, bruised and almost naked—these, and many other matters, throw me now and then into deep reflection, and give rise to thoughts at times not unpleasant; and, at other moments, call forth ejaculations of thankfulness to that good Providence whose helping hand was so conspicuous throughout the whole, and who, at last, brought us on shore to relate the circumstance. But, situated as I am at this moment, I almost lose myself in these reveries: feel for and excuse me, I will no more trouble you with them, but hurry on to a relation of facts.

As I have before remarked, owing to the seizure and subsequent condemnation of my two vessels, with my appeal home, I thought I could not avoid

crossing the Atlantic that autumn. It fell to my lot to do so in the small schooner, a vessel of only 36 tons; she was staunch and strong; she had already made many trips to Europe, and was a remarkable good sea-boat.

Mr. M'Tier, collector of the customs at Cape Breton, and a Mr. Murphy, came to Arichat from Sydney to seek a passage for Europe; and my schooner being ready when they arrived, both embarked with me.

We sailed on the fourth of December, with a fine breeze of westerly wind. It continued fair until the sixteenth, and till that day we had a good prospect of a short and pleasant passage. We were all enjoying the thoughts of it, when our fine spun hopes were in one moment blasted. On that day, the 10th of December, the most strange, and at the same time disastrous, event took place, which, added to the subsequent occurrences, has, I think, but few, if any, parallels in the history of sea affairs.

At two in the afternoon, I left my two fellow-passengers in the cabin, and went upon deck, thinking to return to them in a few minutes. When I came upon deck, I found Mr. Philip

Briard, the Master, at the helm; one of the crew, who was upon deck with him, at my coming up went down to fix the binnacle lamp against the ensuing night.

We had a good observation of the sun at noon, in latitude 46 deg. 40 min. north. The weather was mild, and the sea far from running high—but on a sudden, and in less than five minutes after my coming upon deck, a sea rose as if we had been on a shoal; it rose to such a height that it nearly brought the vessel on her beam-ends; however, it did us no injury, we passed over it, but instantly we found ourselves pursued by another much higher than the first, from whose grasp we did not escape.

The masts of the vessel were brought into the water, the weight of which amongst the rigging and sails kept her so, and in that situation she filled through the companion and sky-light. Our cargo, except a few hundred seal-skins, was all casks of oil, therefore we were kept from sinking. The instant the vessel got on her beam-ends, I rushed to the companion, and called to those below for an axe; but no one answered. I remained there until the water came up and drove me from the place, and then I crept on the side where Mr. Ph. Briard was.

We remained in this situation, as near as I can judge, three quarters of an hour—the hold full—the midships not two feet above water—the after part was something higher—but the head was quite under; yet, so far was the sea then from running high, that we had no need of the help of ropes to hold ourselves on the sides; and it was seldom the spray itself flew over us—so seldom, and little was it, that at the end of three quarters of an hour it had not wet our clothing through.

We succeeded to cut the lanyards of the main shrouds; shortly after which the main-mast broke in the deck, and the fore about four feet above. The instant the masts gave way the vessel righted; but, if possible, judge of our astonishment when we saw (of seven persons who were below) five start up through the companion and sky-light; we had every reason to suppose them dead long before.

The collector, and one of the crew named Thomas Vibert, were drowned in the cabin; but this took place only after the vessel righted. They, as well as the rest, had found means to keep their heads above water during all the time she was on her beam-ends.

When our five companions got upon deck, their

appearance defies all description. Their bodies were much bruised, and most of their clothes had been torn by the different things that floated in the cabin, so that nothing remained on them but what was all in rags. Mr. Ph. Briard and myself had suffered but little, and we were still dry from our middle upwards.

Immediately after the vessel righted the body of the collector floated under the sky-light, through which we drew it upon deck; there still remained some signs of life, but in our situation he was past recovery. Whilst we were employed about Mr. M'Tier we heard Thos. Vibert call out several times, as now and then his head rose above water. We laid hold of his legs once, but he had then grasped something, and held so fast, that we were compelled at last to quit our hold.

In the dead of winter, and middle of the Atlantic Ocean, seven hundred miles from any land, in a vessel full of water, only kept from sinking by her cargo of oil, having no place whereon to lie down, and none to sit upon except the tafrail, without provisions of any kind, the hatches beaten out by the floating casks of oil in the hold, some of these passing freely over the decks, such was our deplorable situation! Yet I can with great truth say, that when I looked round me, it was without the

least degree of fear or despondency. I remained undismayed, and hope never forsook me—an unseen but all-powerful hand supported me.

It came to blow hard in the course of the night, and the sea rose high; fortunately, we had secured ourselves in good time with ropes to the tafrail and horse of the main-sheet, else, in many instances, our main strength could not possibly have resisted the force of the waves.

Towards morning the wind abated, and the sea soon got down, so that shortly after day-light it became moderate.

Most of the sails, ropes, and spars, were still alongside. We saved some of the ropes, with which we barricaded the decks, all the rails being gone except a small piece in each quarter. In that season of the year, this being the 17th of December, we had to expect a repetition of what we had experienced the first night. Our first object, therefore, was to secure ourselves against being washed off the decks. However hopeless our prospect or situation may be, existence is precious; our nature prompts us to prolong life to the last extremity.

When we got the decks well secured fore and

aft with ropes, we made an attempt to free the vessel of her incumbrance of water, through means I suggested to my fellow-sufferers during the preceding night. On the success of which they placed little reliance, and I must allow but with faint hopes on my part; however, I thought it might succeed; if it did not, our labour was not wholly lost, for moderate exercise I was conscious would be far better for us than to remain in a state of stupor, which would very soon have brought on despondency; whilst, on the other hand, having an object in view, and actively employed to attain it, our minds were, in some manner, relieved from their greatest burthen—the thoughts of our deplorable situation.

If we entertained, at times, an idea of the probability of being met by some vessel crossing the Atlantic, cool reflection would soon make us look upon that expectation as a forlorn hope; for a very few days would decide our fate, and ships were very scarce in those parts at that advanced period of the year. Our own exertions were then what we could rely upon the most; but, on examining our means, and the prospect before us, things were truly not very encouraging.

We first disentangled ourselves of some of the materials alongside, that is to say, those which

were most likely to hurt the hull by striking against it, such as the masts and booms; but we kept the cross jack-yard secured, as the most fit spar for a jury-mast, in case of success in pumping the water out. Of all the sails, we could only save the jib and flying-jib; the others were either so entangled or torn, that some we could not get in, and others we could make no use of.

Whilst we were thus employed, a sea washed over us with great force, and one of our companions (Samuel Le Feuvre) was thrown at a distance from the wreck; but he caught hold of a rope, and we were so fortunate as to save him.

A number of boards got detached, and were floating in the cabin. We drew some of these upon deck, and procured nails from what was remaining of the quarter boards, and from other places where we could find it possible to draw them. The windlass was gone, but the pawl had remained in its place. It was of wood, with an iron head on the end of it, connected with the hinge; it answered full well the purposes of a hammer. We nailed the boards on the comings of the hatchways, some of the people standing on them whilst others drove the nails under water. As may well be imagined, this was effected with some difficulty; but we got over it, and when done the

jib was laid on and doubled over the boards, then nailed round the comings.

I knew the strength and state of the vessel before the accident happened; and when thus much as just related was done, I felt conscious, that if the hull was not hurt since, the pumps, with whatever water we could draw through the companion, were quite sufficient to free her. However, it was a matter of great uncertainty if the hull had not suffered, considering the different shocks it had received, and that the masts and other spars had lain alongside all night, at times striking very hard.

The sky-light being open (to give air in the cabin) before we were upset, the glass-frame and cap thereof were washed overboard; and the water entering through it, we stopt it with the flying jib, and a small board, over on which Mr. Murphy sat to keep it down.

We now began to work the pumps, and bail through the companion. We worked hard, and for a long time, ere we could perceive any alteration taking place in the height of water in the companion, which, for a time, made some of my fellow-sufferers almost despair of success. Nevertheless, we kept to our work, and at last thought we could perceive the water to have lowered, of which we

were at first doubtful, owing to the motion of the vessel. But when we ascertained it to be a fact, the satisfaction which appeared on the face of every one on board, I must not, with my weak pen, attempt to describe.

Hope gave us fresh vigour and animated every one; and no relaxation of our labour took place before the stars indicated to us it was about two after twelve the ensuing night. We had then got the water nearly as low as the cabin floor. Being overcome with fatigue, and having been thirty-six hours without food, we lay down on the quarter-deck, close to one another; and, for my part, I lost sight of all the dangers that still surrounded us, for I slept soundly during the rest of the night.

A corps was still below; in what place or position we knew not, and it being dark we could not ascertain. The water also being yet a little above the cabin floor, the different things floating there made a great noise; so that every one preferred the open air rather than go down.

When day-light appeared, we got an axe from the cabin; and, refreshed as much as our position would allow, we again renewed our labours. Our first anxiety was to get the cross-jack yard on

board. We were all hands employed on this, and on the point of getting it over the side, when we saw a vessel in the haze at a short distance; and she, very shortly after we first descried her, hove to close to us.

But what possessed me at that moment is more than I can tell. The circumstance gave me no sensible sensation of joy. I found a certain I know not what within me—a disappointment if you will, that gave me more pain than all I had undergone during the last two days. However, as the boat was putting out and rowing towards us, I availed myself of that interval to represent to my companions the state of our vessel, and the means now in our power to do more than we had yet done, assistance being at hand. To have freed her of water, I said, was a sure and certain proof that the hull was unhurt. We had, therefore, overcome the greatest of our difficulties. I added, that if the captain of the vessel near us would give us some provisions, and some few other necessaries, I made sure that, with a little extraordinary exertion on our part, we still had it in our power to take our small craft safe to port. They considered the matter for a few moments, and then all seemed readily to agree not to desert her.

The boat came alongside, and we learnt the

vessel was the snow Panther of Boston, Captain Plumber, from Bremen on her way towards Boston.

As soon as the boat came to us, I desired the Americans to take me alone to their ship. I told the Captain my intention and what I came for. He did all in his power to persuade me to lay the project aside. I partook of his breakfast, which was quite ready when I came on board. He availed himself of the short time we were at table, to start many good and strong objections against the undertaking I had in contemplation, but all in vain, he could not shake me from my project. He demanded if the vessel and cargo were insured. I answered him in the affirmative, but said this consideration had no influence with me. I thought I saw a possibility of taking the vessel to port; and what we had already gone through, together with the crew having so recently agreed not to desert her, appeared to me a sufficient motive for not abandoning her.

After much argument, when Capt. Plumber at last saw I was determined, whatever he could say making no impression on my mind, he gave me some articles I wanted, and then I returned to the wreck. But the instant I came alongside, the crew declared that, although they promised to remain,

they would now on no account do so, and before I was well out of the boat, they began to throw in many things they had gathered during my absence. In this Mr. Ph. Briard must be excepted: he often-times upbraided them, and solemnly declared he would remain with me to the last. It was quite needless for me to argue with the people; they were as resolute and determined to carry their point as I had been—shall I say, head-strong with the Captain of the Panther.

However, they being in the boat, I went so far as to persuade them to return and draw upon deck, and then throw overboard the dead body we had still in the cabin. This was no sooner done, than they immediately returned to the boat. The Americans joined them in calling upon my good friend Mr. Ph. Briard to do the same, and save himself from inevitable death, saying they were sure that the moment I should see him out of the wreck I should be glad to follow them. But their joint entreaties were all in vain; that good man showed here an attachment which has seldom been equalled, and to which I cannot find words to do the justice it deserves. Whatever the Americans or our own men could say had no effect upon him, but to excite him, the more strongly to upbraid the latter for not keeping their promise to me. He repeatedly said he would not follow them

unless I did; declared that he was determined to share my fate, and that no consideration whatever could induce him to put himself out of danger before he saw me first out of it.

What think you, my dear friend, of such fortitude, and such an attachment; are there many instances equal to this?

The wind and sea were then beginning to rise, and the boat at last left us in that situation. What reasons I had for not going on board the American ship is more than I can account for, nor will I dare to excuse or blame myself for the step I then took. The sequel will, in some manner, show what might have been done with the help of the four men who left us. I take no notice here of Mr. Murphy, who was a passenger, and went also on board the Panther.

The day at last closed, and we lost sight of the ship. As night came on, the wind continued to rise more and more. The vessel was still encumbered with a weight of water; consequently heavy, so that she could not rise freely above the seas, which were beginning to run high.

During my stay on board the American, our people had broke open the hatchways. We were

not safe for the night unless they were again secured. In the dark then, and the water often covering us, with the poor means in our power, we again put them in a state which we judged safe until the next rising sun. When this was done, and after pumping a short time, we sought a place where to retire to rest. The water being still above the cabin floor, many things floating there made the place unpleasant; and the scene we had witnessed in it a few hours before, rendered it, in some manner, a place of horror to me. We chose the upper part of the quarter-deck; there we lay down close to one another, on the bare plank, in our wet clothes, and sheltered only by a piece of the quarter-boards left unbroken.

I was very much fatigued, therefore I slept pretty soundly the remaining part of the night. I awoke about the time day opened; but what was my astonishment not to find my faithful companion near me! I looked round, but he was not to be seen on the quarter-deck; and it being yet scarcely light enough to distinguish an object forward, I called aloud, but no reply was given. As the sea had run high, I took it for granted he had got up in the night and was washed overboard. With him I thought myself safe and saw no danger; but without him I felt the full weight of my perilous situation. In a very few minutes many serious

and almost overwhelming thoughts came upon me; but, as soon as I came down into the cabin, the whole of these instantly vanished. What presented itself there to my sight, but my friend lying on one of the side lockers or seats, in a profound sleep, which all the noise there and that I had made was not sufficient to disturb! The pleasure I felt is more than I can find words to express. I called and shook him; he awoke; he told me, that after sleeping some time by my side, finding himself very cold in his wet clothes, the wind blowing hard and the spray flying over us, he had got up, pumped for some time, and then gone below, and laid himself where I found him. It did not matter how, when, or wherefore—he was safe; it being so, I thought all right.

Our first and grand object was to examine our stock of provisions. We found three hogsheads of water, well bunged and perfectly pure; two 4-pound pieces of pork, besides a joint of fresh beef hung over the stern, was all the meat we could find; but of salt fish there was a choice: salmon, mackrel, cod-fish dry and pickled, and herring; however, having no means to kindle fire, we had to eat all this variety raw.

Capt. Plumber had given me a tinder-box; but with all the rest that I received from him, except

a bundle of matches, it was either taken back in the boat, or, after having been put upon deck, was washed overboard. This last is the most probable, as I am positive that a bag of biscuit was taken out of the boat and put upon deck; but after the people were gone we saw nothing of it, no more than of the tinder-box. The bundle of matches being small, I had secured it within my waistcoat, under my arm-pit, as the dryest place about me.

We attempted to get a spark, by rubbing two sticks one against the other; but our weakness was too great for the task. We made another trial, by beating a piece of iron on the head of an axe with a hammer, but to no purpose. I had often seen smiths, by striking a piece of iron in that manner on their anvil, kindle their fire. With our hammer and axe we heated the iron, but not sufficiently to light a match; we could not continue to strike long—being weak, we were soon put out of breath.

I recollected a bottle full of gun-powder I had put on board just previous to our leaving Arichat; but we unfortunately found it broken in pieces. However, there remained enough of the powder in the bottom part to lay thinly over a small smooth board, the which we secured in a dry place.

The first day after the crew left us was pretty moderate. After examining our stock of provisions, and being tired of making attempts to kindle fire, we set to and cleared the vessel of water; for we satisfied ourselves she was still perfectly sound in her hull. It was pretty late in the evening when this was done; but the nourishment we took, although indifferent, still supported us; and our exertions, though great, did not exhaust us so much as those of the preceding day.

In a long December night, and in a situation such as ours was, I found full time both for sleep and reflection. To that moment, since the accident had happened, incessant labour had promoted one and prevented the other. What passed in my thoughts during that long—long night, almost weighed down my spirits: for not only what had taken place during the last three days, but the chain of disappointments I had experienced, in a continued succession, for the last twelve months—the troubles, vexations, and misfortunes I had met with, and which had so rapidly succeeded one another, gave a wide field for reflection. However, after a long inward debate, I fully resigned myself to the will of an all-wise Providence, which doubtless supported me, and gave me strength of mind to meet and wade with fortitude through the whole.

The morning at last appeared, but with no brighter prospect than those which preceded it; we were alone, in a traceless and tumultuous ocean, driven at the mercy of the wind and waves.

The people had been so very intent upon collecting what they could during my absence, that the few clothes belonging to my friend and me, together with the quadrant, had been thrown into the boat. However, during the time the vessel was on her beam-ends, many things floated out through the companion and sky-light; therefore, it was quite impossible to ascertain what they carried away.

We remained without a second change of linen, or any thing else of wearing apparel but what was on us.

Fortunately, the bowsprit had remained in its place, and was unhurt. It was now our sole dependence for a jury-mast—we trusted thereon, and only waited for a fair opportunity to get it in. Although the weather was moderate, the sea kept running too high for us, in our wet and weak state, to attempt to take it in at that time: it was the only spar remaining with us; therefore we had to use caution, and not run the risk of losing it. We

had no other means to get it on deck than first to throw it overboard, and afterwards haul it over the side.

In examining the rubbish that lay on the bottom of the cabin floor, we found plenty of flints and steels, and, most unexpectedly, a magnetic needle. We had previously found part of a card of a compass; but this, as well as the needle, was without the small center cap they traverse upon. We stored up, most [illegible]iously, the card and the magnetic needle; and [illegible]en the weather would admit, we kept the board which we had tinged with wet powder, and the compass-card, upon deck to dry. We remained in this state for ten days, doing very little, but always going on in preparing ourselves to fix our jury-mast as soon as an opportunity should offer. I made a trial upon our board on the tenth day; the powder caught on a small spot that was the driest, but did not afford me time enough to touch a match. I was obliged to lay it by again, and wait until it got more dry.

We found a keg in the hold, which, on opening it, turned out to be full of salmon, preserved in vinegar and spices; it had been put on board by a person in Cape Breton for some of his friends in Jersey. It proved a welcome thing; the taste of the vinegar did us a great deal of good.

Of our variety of salt fish which we had to eat raw, the mackarel was the most palatable.

On the twelfth day, I made a second trial with a flint and steel, and had the pleasure, after striking but for an inconsiderable time, to see the powder catch at one corner, and run near the whole round of the board—it ran long enough, however, to afford me time to touch a match, wherewith I lighted a candle my friend held ready for the purpose.

Our eyes were fixed on this light for a considerable time before we could find power to express what we felt at the sight. We at last opened our lips to congratulate one another on the happy and fortunate circumstance. A beam of hope appeared, and we exclaimed, Surely this is one of the principal means, afforded us by Providence, ultimately to obtain deliverance!—Our compass-card too was sufficiently dry by this time; so that we soon fixed it with wax in a manner that it could serve in a sheltered situation. A small piece of copper, with a hollow made in it to admit the pin it was to traverse upon, was fixed in the center of the card, instead of the cap it wanted.

Our caboose was carried off the deck at the time the main-mast broke. We had, therefore, no place to kindle fire in; however, our ingenuity was

soon set to work. We collected a quantity of dry cod-fish we had on board in bundles belonging to the crew, and with it we fixed a place beneath the entrance of the companion. A tin pan served us to boil our fish in. I do still recollect our first hot repast—how delicious!—what a treat!—how we feasted!—and what an exellent thing a draught of good water was at that moment. We had found the pickled mackarel the most palatable to eat raw, and we continued to give it the preference when boiled. After each meal we always made use of a small quantity of our preserved salmon; the taste of the vinegar and spices was truly a luxury.

The weather having been pretty moderate for two or three days, and in consequence the sea much smoother than we had seen it for some time past, we made an attempt on the fourteenth to get our bowsprit in, which proved successful. We were employed about it all day; and when night came on us, every thing was prepared for the next day, to fix it upon the stump of the fore-mast, which, I have already observed, was broken about four feet from the deck.

The evening being remarkably fine, we remained late upon deck, and looked round us with with much pleasure on our achievements of that day.

In the course of two or three days what a change was here in our situation! We now, the fourteenth, on the 30th of December, had a compass quite sufficient for our purpose, a light below to retire to, and, at any time we pleased, we could kindle a fire to dress our fish; and, not the least of all, add to this a fair and promising prospect before us to see a jury-mast up before the next setting sun.

Situated as we were, and after all we had undergone, we enjoyed, to its fullest extent, a mild and serene evening. We traced the gradual descent of the sun towards the horizon; and, on losing sight of it, we addressed ourselves with grateful hearts to that great and good Providence, whose decrees, be they ever so heavy upon us, it is not for us to scrutinize, but to obey with humility and pious awe.

The fifteenth sun rose, and brightened on our prospect. With minds lightened with the hope, bordering on a certainty, of ultimate deliverance, we put ourselves to work; and, after much labour, we had the pleasure in the evening to see the bowsprit securely fixed as a jury-mast, and a sail hoisted on it.

We took the jib from off the hatchways, and re-

placed it with the flying-jib. We made fast the clue of the jib to a staple drove into the deck close to the foot of the jury-mast, and hoisted the foot of the sail along the mast, by means of a rope fastened to the tack and passed through a hole in the upper end of the spar; so that the foot of the jib was converted to the loff, and the litch to the foot, the original loff being the upper part. The head was the sheet, and it reached abreast of the companion. Thus fixed, we made a trial that same evening to see how the vessel was likely to steer under such a sail; with which, with the wind from the quarter, we were much satisfied. However, we found ourselves too much fatigued to continue to steer the whole of the approaching night. We, therefore, made fast the tiller, and laid the vessel's head to the southward.

We retired to our cabin in the evening with minds elated with and thankful for the success that had attended our exertions; and we began to form plans for our future progress through the traceless element.

Our judgment was to be exerted here; it was our only substitute for books, charts, or instruments. A piece of sheet-lead and a nail were to answer all the purposes of pen, ink, and paper. I had unlimited confidence in my friend for a part of

the work; and he greatly trusted on me for the other.

We had a good night's rest, and the next morning we began to steer; but we soon found we could not keep long doing so, from the deck. The pin on which the card traversed being fixed below, made it necessary for one of us to be in the companion to guide the other at the helm. Being fully aware we were not sufficient to hold it out, we saw some contrivance was absolutely necessary, so as to enable us to steer from below, and also to continue to do so night and day. We fixed long ropes on the head of the tiller; then passed them through blocks on each side, leading through others in the after part of the companion, and so down into the cabin; from whence we began to steer, seated on the floor, our compass before us.

We, from thence forward, took the tiller-ropes, turn and turn; and regulated our time by the sun in the day, and at night by the position of the stars.

We had taken the best notice in our power how the wind had prevailed during the time we were drifted at its mercy and that of the waves, and judged it to have inclined to the S. W. more than otherwise; the head of the vessel had been to the

northward the whole time. However, we laid it down as for granted, that we had been carried during those fourteen days in a N. E. direction, a distance of 80 leagues, from whence we began to keep our reckoning. The day in which the accident took place we had a good observation of the sun; we were then in the latitude of 46 deg. 40 min. N. and our longitude answered within a very few miles with that of Capt. Plumber, say 27 deg. 30 min. W.

Each revolving day brought on now the same thing to do—to steer, to fetch water from the hold, to dress our fish, and tend our sail, employed the whole of the day. I became much weaker than my companion, occasioned by a number of large boils that rose round my loins and on my thighs. Think on my miserable condition, my dear friend, having nothing to dress my sores with, and no linen to change. I ought not, perhaps, to have mentioned this circumstance; but it is written, and I leave it so.

We kept steering at first S. E. the wind W. S. W. and generally going at the rate of two and a half, and sometimes three miles an hour. After standing in this South-Easterly course several days, we haulded East, and afterwards East by North, expecting with this latter course to strike between

Ushant and Cape Clear. Had we made the French coast, and entered an enemy's port, we were aware of the reflections that would have been cast upon us by those who could not have formed an idea of our wants. This, then, we dreaded the most, for on such occasions there are but too many who are apt to decide on matters they are not acquainted with; and others, if they understand them, criticise, and, whilst in perfect security, see a thousand ways to extricate themselves in perilous situations; but who, at the trying moment, are the most appalled, and are quite unfit to make use of either mental or bodily exertions.

Except a breeze of Easterly wind, which lasted nearly three days, it kept most of the time from S. W. to N. W. Our sail would not allow us to go before the wind. In making the attempt, we were near splitting it once; we had then to keep the wind from one quarter to the other, putting down, on our piece of sheet-lead, at every change of course, what northing and easting, or easting and southing we had made, and, by these, our longitude and latitude.

In this manner we continued to steer for twenty-six days, when our reckoning putting us near soundings, we tried with a line of about 100 fathoms, but found no bottom. To haul in this line

after the lead got down, was one of the hardest tasks we experienced during the whole of our stay on board the wreck; at every two or three fathoms we were compelled to rest.

We made this essay for soundings in the afternoon of the 25th of January, it being the fortieth day since we were upset. The rest of that day and following night we made little more than two or two and half miles an hour.

I had the morning watch on the 26th of January, on a Sunday; my good friend was fast asleep close to me. It was a practice with us to look out three or four times during a watch, to notice how fast we were going, or to see if any sail appeared. I put my head through the companion at the time the day was about to open. I was there but a very few moments, when something appeared to me like a sail under our lee, but not being certain, I said nothing, and returned to secure the tiller ropes, and immediately went back to the companion. The instant I fixed my eyes in the direction I had thought to see something, I discovered two large dark blufs, which I made sure could be nothing else than land. I then called as loud as I could to my sleeping friend, who, at the joyful sound, awoke, and exclaimed, God be praised!

We laid the vessel to until it was quite day-light, and then cast off our tiller cabin-ropes, and began to steer for the land from the deck. We were but at a short distance from what appeared to us like a harbour; but it fell quite calm, and we observed by the land that a strong current was carrying us very fast to the westward. An hour, becalmed in that situation, appeared to us much longer than a whole day had done at any time before.

We did not dread a strong breeze. We knew by experience what our little bark could do under her sail. Nothing but an absolute gale would have deterred us from approaching.

However, we were seen from the shore; and at eleven o'clock we had two Irish boats alongside, with twelve men in each. They informed us the land in sight was the Dursey Island, but that we were, at least, twenty miles from a place where the vessel could be put into safety; there being none nearer, they said, than the river Kenmare. The two boats took us in tow, and made towards the island, to pass between it and a large rock called the Bull, being one of three, bearing the names of Bull, Cow, and Calf.

Night fell on us just at the time we got entan-

gled between the rocks and the island; the boats gave over towing; no entreaties of mine could prevail on the crews to remain longer. I made offers, but to no purpose; nothing could move them; the whole value of vessel and cargo, they declared, could not induce them to remain in their open boats, out at sea, in a winter's night.

It is true, although it was quite calm at that moment, the weather threatened; the sky was overcast with thick heavy clouds; and the latter end of the night and following day proved very stormy.

Those of the boatmen who were with us on board the vessel jumped into their boats the moment they came alongside, after giving over towing, desiring us to do the same. Thus situated, what could we do? Our weak exertions were quite insufficient to draw the vessel out of her then apparent perilous situation, placed as she was, within a very short distance, indeed, of the Bull rock, the sea breaking in a most tremendous manner thereon, and the foam therefrom even encircling us. I was not aware, at that moment, that the sea is so very deep close in with these rocks that a floating body is seldom thrown upon them, unless, indeed, it is highly elevated above the water, and in a strong gale. This was well known

to those who came to our assistance. A repelling surge prevents any thing from striking on these rocks, occasioned, no doubt, by the great depth of water close to their very foot.

The men were in their boats, and quite impatient, calling upon us to follow them. My proved good friend and fellow-sufferer was still near me; but thinking that I was wavering in my mind whether to leave the vessel or not, whilst, in fact, I was contemplating the scene round me, and casting a wistful look on our little bark that we were about to leave alone, he said—"For my part, I think there is no prudence to remain any longer on board." This roused me from a kind of reverie, and I replied—"I think so too;" so we both stepped into one of the boats.

It was about nine o'clock when we landed; and it was effected with some difficulty, by reason of the high surf at the landing place, within the Dursey Island.

We were aware of our weak state only after we got ashore, and tried to walk. It was with the greatest difficulty I went a distance of a quarter of a mile, supported at times by a man on each side. Mr. Ph. Briard was much stronger; he did it, I think, without help.

However, we fell amongst a set of fellow-creatures, humane and hospitable, who did all in their power to administer to our wants. These were great indeed; but having the good fortune to fall amongst those who did all in their power to help, we soon gained strength.

We were certainly highly gratified to see ourselves once more ashore. However, to have abandoned the vessel so near the land, was a subject of great mortification, and which we severely felt; but I am convinced no man of common sense, in the state we were in, and in the situation we left her, would have hesitated one single moment in taking the step we did.

The words addressed to me by one of the boatmen at my entering the house, have often come to my recollection; they were word for word as follows:—"This being Sunday, we were going to "church when we first saw your vessel; judging, "by her appearance, that some one might be in "distress, we left the church and repaired to our "boats. I hope we have done as meritorious an "act before God as if we had attended our devo-"tions."

We made a hearty, though cautious supper, on

boiled potatoes and milk, both of which we found delicious.

After having passed six weeks on the bare plank, and in clothes the most disagreeable, a change of clean linen, and a bundle of clean straw for a bed, proved the most luxurious and gratifying treat.

The news respecting us soon flew far and wide. Every one commiserated and pitied our sufferings; and all were ready, at the least wish we expressed, to render us the utmost assistance within the scope of their power. This was the most pleasing, having full proof that what they did was not through views of private interest, but came from a feeling, humane, and generous disposition.

By lying upon deck with nothing under us, our upper clothing was full of pitch; and [illegible]t, together with often drying on our bodies wet with salt water, rendered them quite stiff. We had lost our hats the night that followed our disaster; we had nothing to replace them, except our neck-handkerchiefs.

I had boots on when we were upset; but shortly after the vessel righted, these having filled with water, I took them off to be more at liberty to act

about the deck, and gave them to Mr. Murphy to take care of. He remained quite inactive, and was seated on the horse of the main-sheet: he let one drop, and it was washed overboard; therefore I landed with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other.

The same evening we landed, a crew was dispatched to the river Kenmare for a decked-boat, expecting to go out the next morning in search of our wreck; but, in the course of the night, it came on to blow, and the next day it increased to a gale, so that the boat could not put to sea, nor could our vessel be seen from the high lands of the Durseys. We remained there the whole of the next day, and the morning following; there being no tidings of her, we left the place, and on the second day we reached Coolagh, where we were most kindly received by Samuel O'Sullivan, Esq. who would not permit us to depart from his hospitable mansion before the fourth day, when we left him with grateful hearts and proceeded to Cork.

I said, my dear sir, that I would give you a detail; but will you not find that I have been too minute on different things? However, I will not leave off without saying that our vessel was not lost, since part of this has been written in her ca-

bin. I have her yet, then: and she is again employed in her former traffic from Arichat to Chetecan, but she shall never visit Europe any more.

Eight days after we had left her close in with the Dursey Island and the Bull Rock, she was found by some pilot-boats, at a short distance from the old Head of Kinsale, and carried into Cross-haven, a small place at the entrance of the cove of Cork. I went there, laid claim to her, paid a salvage, fitted her out, and, shortly after, saw her safe to Jersey.

London, January, 1812.

THE above is the simple narrative of facts I wrote at the request of an intimate and confidential friend. It was far from my thoughts, when it was written, that it should at any time be laid before the public, in any shape whatever, and the farthest of all in that in which it now appears.

Although I may, at some future period, have occasion to mention the small vessel in which I so much suffered, it may not be out of the way for me at this moment to say a few words more concerning her. After she returned to me from Jer-

sey to Cape Breton, I again employed her as stated above, in her usual summer traffic, but no more allowed to cross the Atlantic. In July 1804, I dispatched her from Arichat to Chetecan, with a full cargo of different supplies. At the entrance of the Gut of Canso she found a head wind; but the tide being in her favour, the Skipper, in company with several other vessels, availed himself thereof to bear through. Having reached so far up as the place where my men had been landed by Captain Allen at the time of the seizure of my two crafts, in attempting to put about the wind baffled them; and she missing stays, was run on shore not more than two hundred yards from that very identical spot. It happened to be just at the beginning of ebb tide, so that she stuck fast and gradually took her heel; and, unfortunately, a point of rock lying under her bilge, the vessel being sharp and heavily laden, it made its way through, and consequently at the next flood she filled with water. She had a quantity of salt on board, which was lost, but the crew saved the rest of her cargo. I was soon apprised of the circumstance. I took with me the materials which, by the description given me of her situation, I judged necessary; but the tide rising and falling in that part of the country generally not more than four feet perpendicular, it was with some difficulty a piece of canvas was fixed over the hole the rock had made. However, it was done so far

that her pumps, aided by bailing through the hatchways, freed her. She was then put on the beach, a board nailed over the canvas, and thus floated to Arichat, where she was immediately repaired. Three years after this took place, she was run on shore during a fog on the Nova Scotia coast. No means were left untried to get her off; but too much time had elapsed when I got to the place, and with reluctance I found myself compelled to abandon her; her materials alone were saved.

Thus much for the schooner Susan; and I find myself inclined not to put an end to my narrative before I make mention once more of my worthy friend Mr. Philip Briard.

In 1802, the year of the short peace, one of our vessels, a brig of one hundred and eighty tons, in returning from Boston, was wrecked on Point Sables, Nova Scotia. Owing to this circumstance, I found in the autumn a quantity of produce on my hands, which this vessel was intended to have carried to market; but most opportunely, a brig called the John Bull, of nearly her size, passed by Arichat, and I chartered her for Lisbon. She had been built during the war purposely for a privateer, and had a deep waist. I took my passage in her, so as to see Lisbon in my way to Jersey. As it may well be imagined, whenever an opportunity

offered, I made it a point that Mr. Ph. Briard should accompany me. One or two of the John Bull's crew having been discharged in Arichat, he readily consented to come on board. The very day after our sailing, a gale of wind fell upon us, the most dreadful I ever had before or have since experienced. The cold was withal so intensely severe, that we became, in appearance, nothing but a piece of ice. I again received another strong proof of Mr. Ph. Briard's dauntless mind to meet difficulties. He and two more, one of whom was the mate, Mr. Francis Valpy, were doubtless, in a great measure, the cause of our weathering this dreadful hurricane as safely as we did. They stood most of the night upon deck; two of them at the helm, and the other at the cunn. The seas ran so high there was no safety in shewing our broadside to the wind; our fore-sail, though quite new, was blown to pieces, and we had no other sail that could possibly have resisted; therefore we had to keep right before the wind, but a circumstance greatly in our favour was, that the John Bull being a sharp, long vessel, ran very fast before the seas, and steered extremely well. However, we were pooped by a tremendous sea, which filled our deep waist, and made every thing float in the cabin. The crash was so great when it broke over us that, after it was over, but the waist still full, I felt a certain motion in the vessel, which con-

tinued for a short time, and kept me in suspense, not knowing whether she was going down or rising; however, the precaution having been taken in time to cast loose the ports all round the sides, the water soon discharged itself through the port-holes; but whatever could float on deck was carried away, the boats thrown on one side from their chocks, the cabboose put out of its place, and, when day-light came, we found the lacings of the anchor on the starboard bow broken, and the anchor hanging overboard, held only by its painter. Of all nights, without excepting even that I passed on the tafrail of the schooner Susan when we were full of water, this was the most severe I have at any time passed at sea. In the early part of the morning the wind abated; and we being at no great distance from land, so did the sea very soon after. But we experienced the effects of the cold very severely afterwards; the ends of our fingers having got frost-bit, gave us great pain: but, at last, the effect of the frost left us with a fine new and smooth, though tender skin. We got safe off the Tagus, and took a pilot at a short distance from the North Cashops. A ship of about two hundred and fifty tons happened to be there at the same time. The wind being very light, and the tide coming out of the river, we both kept off and on; but at about two o'clock, the pilot of the ship in company seeing a likelihood to have to remain

out all night, got impatient, and made an attempt to push in, which proved fatal to his ship, to the whole crew and himself, and nearly so to us. He availed himself of a light breeze from the land, and made towards the entrance of the river, to pass between St. Julien Castle and the North Cashops. Our pilot seeing this, shook his head; but he said, "If that man gets in to-day, and I keep the sea "until to-morrow, reflections will be made upon "me—the more so as this vessel sails so much "faster than his." He, therefore, decided on following. The ship had the start of us; however, we overtook her, but it happened to be in an awful moment; just as we came opposite the castle, it fell calm on a sudden—a strong current, coming round the point facing the river, runs with great force immediately over the North Cashop, and there meeting the swell from the Western Ocean, causes tremendous breakers over that shore. Thus becalmed, we found ourselves in this current, and impelled towards what appeared certain destruction; both vessels, not more than fifty yards from one another, having yet some head-way, we shot a little a head of our consort, when, in a few minutes after, she was driven amongst the breakers, and as it were in the twinkling of an eye dashed to pieces. Pilot and all hands perished within five hundred yards of us. They had lowered their stern boat into the water; I saw two of the sailors

in her, and a third going to jump from the fore chains when their ship first struck; in an instant, nothing more of either ship or men was to be seen. We most fortunately launched into another branch of the current, which just took us clear of the shoal. We went so near, that those on shore thought we had struck; and it was so reported at Lisbon, together with the loss of our consort, by express from St. Julien. Thousands of spectators witnessed this scene of desolation and anxiety from the walls of the castle, and from numerous boats hovering along shore, but none of which did dare come to our assistance. The current drove us to sea again. I have been induced to notice this circumstance for the sole purpose, and in order to mention my good friend Mr. Ph. Briard once more. He did here, with Mr. Francis Valpy, give fresh proof of fortitude and presence of mind truly great.

We were all night out; and the next morning, the wind having shifted to the westward, we got into the Tagus. But on passing near the place of desolation of the day before, my bosom throbbed at the thought of the scene we had there witnessed, and I found myself greatly affected; but whilst I was thus moved and contemplating in silence the theatre of destruction, the weather was delightful; we were in the midst of many ships entering the

river, with their colours displayed. If any thing was heard, it was the joyous sound from the sailors around us; every thing appeared smiling, and the cashops themselves, in causing the seas to rise, made them precipitate themselves into their own bosom, and that in most majestic grandeur, their white heads crumbling into foam—a wide field this for a contemplative mind.

THE END.

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